Its guardian is somewhere this side of th But a mystery all of his being enshrouds; And it seems sacril gious to ask him to rove dit seems sacrat gious to ass man

Fut, braving his serious, dignified frown, You reach for the bell that may summon him And the notes talismanic with recklessness That "plinkety, pling, pling-pling, pling."

is never a sound in that damp, dreadful shaft, Except a low thrill as if Goblins had laughed.

ut who cares for imps? Once again let it sing But who cares for imps? Once all the 'plinkety, pling, pling-pling, pling, pling, pling.' It trembles, it moves, does the shadow up there!

An, no; 'twas a wave in the thick heavy air; And a deep, sullen gloom settles down o'er the As, in awe, to the stairway your footsteps you trace.
You've bidden good-bye to that shrill, mocking But the lingering notes in the shadows still And you hear, as your steps reach the nook when they cling That "plinkety pling, pling pling, pling."

Washington Post.

The White Coach.

Derby house is situated on a rocky peninsular facing Scaur bay on the south, while the western windows look toward the open Atlantic.

It is approached on the landward side by a good government road leading from Churchtown about seven miles off, at the head of the bay. This road terminates abruptly about a hundred yards from the entrance gate of Denby. There was no reason for carrying it further, as the inhabitants of the scattering farms and cottages on the lower skirts of the promontory were quite content to drive their carts over the level turf that cost them no rates, and, on the contrary, supported their bony horses.

A somewhat flat and shallow sheet of water, whose firm, sandy edge was much appreciated as a roadway at low tide, lay between Denby and dry land on the north. A curious, ruinous-looking pile, somewhat like remains of a Greek temple, was visible in clear weather on the opposite

I had hoped to pay it a visit of inspec-tion during my stav at Denby, but something always occurred to prevent my car-

rying out my object. Sir John and Lady Denby had been entertaining rather a large party for the last fortnight, including the officers of a guaboat which had steamed away with our friends that afternoon, and Lady Denby's brother, Charlie Willet, generally called "The Hatter," on account of his absurdiy high spirits, had ridden off to catech the evening express from Churchtown just half an hour later.

I must candidly confess that I missed him more than all the others put together, and sympathized completely with my kind host and hostess, who seemed a little sad at parting with all their friends. They were rather old-fashioned people, who had never in their lives speeded a parting guest with "Thank goodness he's flung like a missile after the portmanteau at the back of the deg-cart.

We had finished dinner and were sitting on the portico steps enjoying the last rays of sunshine on the rapidly darkening mountain peaks across Scaur bay, and admiring the wonderful violet tint of the waters beneath them, when the sound of wheels caught my ear. "Dear me!" I exclaimed in amazement, "who do you suppose can be coming to call here at this unearthly hour? The country carts never go at that pace!"

"You only hear the Barnacle gees feeding at the foot of the mountains of posite; they produce a curious sound that strangers often mistake for the roiling of a carriage," returned Lady Denby, look-ing, I thought, a little pale in the rapidly gathering twilight.

emotion was occasioned by the approaching sound, so asked if she felt cool, and would like me to fetch her a shawl? But

would like me to fetch her a shawl? But she did not appear to hear. I then turned to Sir John, saying: "Dees it not seem to you that the sound comes from the Churchtown road, away on the left, instead of across the water? Perhaps the Barnacles are having a pic-nic on our side this evening for a little change, and—"

"You should not give way to ridiculous fances!" exclaimed my hostess, sharply and abruptly—not to say rudely—with the air of a person anxious to discredit an unpleasant fact at any sacrifice of courtery. Her whole manner was disturbed. unpleasant fact at any sacrifice of court-esy. Her whole manner was disturbed, fluttered and terrified—she was so utterly unlike her own genial self that I stared at her for a moment in the stience of blank amazement, and then it struck me that I could easily set the matter at rest by walking around the sharp curve which lay between the avenue and the front of the house and looking along the bleak, exposed Churchtown road, where I should immediately see if there were anything

Lady Denby, guessing my intention, laid her little cold hand on my arm and said imperatively: "Sit still."

Poer Sir John seemed almost spell-bound; he looked at his wife with deep anxiety and solicitude, then with a movement that denoted he was pulling himself together, both mentally and physically, he rose and put his arm round her, urg-ing her to go at once into the house.

All this while the strange sound, from whatever cause it proceeded, kept ap-proaching nearer and nearer. Lady Denby was either absolutely incapable of Denby was either absolutely incapable of movement, or else she was equally un-willing to obey her husband or believe her own ears. He, like myself, sank into silence and listened intently. She alone, though so powerfully affected, scemed disinclined to yield to the prevalent rush of expectation. She fought against it like a strong-minded subject against the influence of mesmedien or anxiety. influence of mesmerism or an unwilling

patient against chloroform—nervously— almost desperately.

Ou and on came the thunder of a carringe, rolling and swaying at a terrific pace. We could hear the thud, thud of many horsehoofs, the clink of chains at the poles. I almost fancied the creaking of

harness was audible.

I was consumed with curiosity, longing to go and reconnoitre, but obliged by common politeness to sit still, staring straight at the grass plot in front of me-one of those well-kept islands of green with a drive circling round it, that one still sees occasionally in front of country houses, proudly conscious of flower gar-dens completely out of sight of the win-

We are all giving way to most-Lady Denby never completed her sen-ence, but leaned heavily against her

husband's arm for support.
Straight in front of us flashed a great white coach—indescribably quaint and ancient—but snowy white to its minutest

It was horsed by six somewhat showy-looking blacks, all standing 16 hands high, straight-necked, carrying their

heads like hunters, not like funeral horses. They stopped altogether—as simultaneously as a well-drilled regiment of cavalry dismounts—and two strange figures descended from the coach and flung open the door, as though expecting us to enter since the vehicle had pulled up close to the steps on which we were scated.

Both the men and their garments looked as if their original substance had been much diminished and worn away by the rust of age; their strange terracotta coicred figures were thrown into strong relief as they stood for a second on either side of the white door of the coach.

either side of the white door of the coach.

One carried an immense curled horn, such as may still be seen consecrated to Diana in some old French chateau—the other bore a homely, but strange, burden—a huge pair of smith's bellows.

They had descended as silently as two dead leaves (which they strongly resembled in general tone) might have floated down from some lofty tree, and the same cautious hush prevailed as they closed the door and returned to their places.

So ghostly and unreal seemed the whole paraphernalia that I expected to see the coach float over the grass plat like a pass-

paraphernalia that I expected to see the coach float over the grass plat like a passing mist, and vanish among the dissolving clouds of sunset. It was almost with a shock of surprise that I watched it driven slowly round the gravel sweep—and again heard the ordinary sounds of a vehicle in motion.

motion.

As it left the door poor Lady Denby shricked wildly; "Charlie is dead—I know it. This is a warming!"

"Nonsense, my dear! When poor Will died you saw a black coach—don't you remember?" returned Sir John, speaking very loud to try and secure her attention.

"Charlie is as safe in a railway carriage as his gray cob is in the horse-box of the 7:05 train.

7:05 train.
"Depend upon it, this is some trick of Master Peter's—just let me go, and I'll soon make an end of their fooling."
"Oh, no, no," cried his wife, clinging to him so desperately that unless he used force he had no chance of moving.
"Master Peter?" I thought, rapidly weighing Sir John's suggestion. "Why his entire stud consists of a mule about as old as he is, and that's 59!
"This has nothing to do with him." Now a strange thing happened. As

Now a strange thing happened. As soon as the coach had made the circuit of the gravel sweep and returned to the point at which it debouched into the main point at which it debouched into the main drive, the coachman rapidly pulled up and beckoned to me most earnestly to en-ter, the two servants again flung open the door, and urged by some strong impulse that I did not stay to analyze, I ran tow-ard the white coach. In a moment I was lifted among its cushions, the door shut, and with a wiid, mournful note from the hore we flow at full calley down the averhorn we flew at full gallop down the ave

Sir John laid his fainting wife in the Sir John laid his fainting wife in the arms of a servant, who fortunately appeared just as she was wanted and rushed a few paces toward us, calling and gesticulating, but his voice was drowned by the sound of the wheels—and he was soon left behind.

We swung along, past the familiar gates of the drive, all fastened back as if in readiness for our exit, past the lodge, where flaxen-haired children stared after us—round-eyed with amazement—out

us—round-eyed with amazement—out into the road, but the horses' heads were not toward Churchtown.

Soon we were tearing at headlong speed over yielding turf, and down the steep slopes that lay between Denby and the North bay. The tide was up, and presently the six steaming blacks were cooling their legs, if not their tempers, in ferding the shallows at the head of the

bay.

Did you ever try to think while you were being swayed to and fro in the Flying Dutchman or Wild Irishman? If so you will acknowledge that the effort was in vain, though you had only even motion to contend against, I had been subjected to every variety of movement, and my thoughts seemed shaken into a mere chaos, which I endeavored to arrange into some semblance of order as we splashed heavily through the waves, while I passively hoped that the white coach was better built than Pharaoh's chariot, whose wheels came off in the sea. in the sea.

I was dressed for dinner and not for I was dressed for dinner and not for driving, in a soft, pale green cashemere, embroidered with smell pearly shells— the square open body and long sleeves falling from the shoulder, leaving my arms bare. I had a string of shells round my throat, and white jessamine, which Charlie Willet had given me and begged e to wear that evening in my dress and

I now attempted to sift my motives for embarking on this strange journey. I was obliged to confess to myself that Lady Denby's cry had given me the impression that Charlie was in danger. My thoughts ran on a railway accident, and I hoped from the driver's signal to me that he was about to take me where I might be of use to the man I loved since his sister was incapable, through her own delicate health, of rendering any service. Though the driver's face was partially conceated by a hat with enormous curled brims, there was something in the outline that seemed familiar to me, and inspired me with a belief that my unknown charioteer was a trustworthy per-I now attempted to sift my motives for and inspired me with a belief that my unknown charioteer was a trustworthy person. I reflected, too, that as long as daylight lasted the whole course we were
taking could be observed from the upper
windows of Denby if any one retained
sufficient presence of mind and commonsense to watch us, and that it would be
easy for Sir John to send armed and
mounted servants after me if he considered me in danger, to say nothing of his
favorites, the Irish police.

We now entered a kind of low rayine.

We now entered a kind of low rayine, formed by the cliffs on one hand and the abrupt declirity of a field on the other. Here we were as completely hidden from sight as though the coach had sunk suddents into the coach suddents into the coach suddents into the coac

enly into the earth.

The moon by this time was risen, the denly into the earth. sea and open country were flooded with her light, while we seemed hemmed in a put of darkness.

Seeking relief for the tension of my nerves in immediate action—the only

nerves in immediate action—the only remedy I have ever found of use—I ros from my corner and was approaching the door, when it was flung open from the outside and the driver of the coach stood before me, hat in hand. It was im-possible to distinguish his features in the darkness—but a voice, which I immediately recognized as belonging to Lieut. Fred Graham of the Churchtown regiment, said, in quite modern English:

"I am sorry to have led you such a queer dance, Miss Norman. If you don't mind getting out, I will explain matters to you. How dark it is inside!"

He handed me down the steps and led me toward a low bank more in the light. I glanced at the team as we passed them. The horses' sides and flanks were steaming—the willing brutes were pant-ing, hanging their heads, loiling their

have been wild with Willet for settling them. The horses' sides and flanks were steaming—the wilting brutes were panting, hanging their heads, lolling their tongues out, and giving plain evidence that they were beginning to feel distressed by the pace at which they had been driven.

There were still four men on the coach, two in some now indistinguishable color slashed with white, and the terra-cottagarbed pair already mentioned.

"Barnes and Trefusis of Ours, Blank from Churchtown, and Dash, his cousin," said Grayham.

The quartette raised their hats.

"The coach belongs to a circus that came to Churchtown yesterday; we horsed it as we do the regimental drag, adding Dash's black and mine, and bet that we would drive to meet the 7:05 train that twe rely bedy goes by" (here for the first time I began to feel interested), "go straight through Churchtown, and drive to meet the 7:05 train that the other side of the country. You know we fellows would go for you if we could, but two of us are landlords, two, worse still, are 'military.' Folks might know us through this thin disguise, and it would be all up with Willet."

"It's my belief he was attacked in mistake for the Grandby's new agent; but you need not let out you know that."

"As if I should!" I cried.

"Well, here's a magical phrase to amuse yourself with," and he pronounced some word that sounded like "Bogochnamollavogue." "I picked it up by accident," continued Grayham, "but it once passed me through a very suspicious looking assembly in safety. It merely means the 'marsh of the mal-

without being recognized by a soul."
"Did you bet on the possibility of my joining you?" I asked, rising in a state of high indignation.
"Oh, no—no—I give you my word—but—I don't know how to tell you—prepare for bad news. Poor Willet is in danger, and there is just a chance that you may be able to save him. If you don't mind to a certain extent taking your life in your hands."
"Not I. How same you to indee me.

"Not I. How came you to judge me so truly?"
"I—I knew you loved him," said poor
Grayham, stumbling piteously over this
honest ayowal, "and I know you have
plenty of pluck."

plenty of pluck."

"Can we not start at once?"

"Yes, we have a quarter of a mile to walk through an underground passage. I can tell you as we go. Dask and Blank will stay with the team. Barnes and Treusis will come with us. They should all escort you, only I don't want to find the poor brutes hamstrung on my return."

He then showed me an opening, hardly

escort you, only I don't want to find the poor brutes hamstrung on my return."

He then showed me an opening, hardly larger than that of a badger earth, in the side of the field. Barnes and Trefusis each possessed himself of a coach-lamp, we crawled through the narrow entrance, half blocked by a mossgrowth boulder, and after proceeding in this abject fashion for a few paces, were able to stand upright, and found ourselves in a rocky passage, wide enough to allow us to walk two and two. Air was admitted from narrow fissures in the himestone above. The place is still intact. I afterward examined it by daylight and found that it branched off into several chambers. It was loosely supposed to have

ward examined it by daylight and found that it branched off into several chambers. It was loosely supposed to have been constructed by Danes or sheep-stealers—a wide margin, but as no sheep could get in, I incline to the Danes.

Grayham now took one of the lamps, and holding it so as to throw the light in front of me, began:

"I told you we drove to the station; we knew Willet was leaving by the 7:05, and we thought we'd puzzle him with a grand parting salute; but he was not there, so we concluded he had stayed at Denby, and we would try for a rise out of him at home. Just as we were leaving Churchtown we passed a haltered gray that a shock-headed fellow was leading toward a side street. The animal was going lame from a shot wound in his shoulder, so we asked what was up. The man complained that his boy had been meddling with an old musket and lamed his only horse, so I threw him half a crown and advised him to have it vetted, saying it looked an honest beast, as like Mr. Willet's as two peas. I wonder now that I did not smell a rat, but many of these country fellows have such good horses that I suspected nothing."

"What do you suspect?" I asked, with growing fears.

"That they are keeping him wounded at Fairy Hall."

"Not dead?"

"Why no; what would Bridget want with a corpse?"

"Why no; what would Bridget want with a corpse?" The matter-of-fact answer was rather

The matter-of-fact answer was rather reassuring.

"Barnes," cried Grayham, relinquishing his place at my side. "Just tell Miss Norman what your servant saw half an hour before we started."

"He was exercising my second charger," said Barnes, "and passed oid Bridget Magnire, driving as hard as she could tear, for Fairy Hall (the short way, not round by Denby,) with her son in the cart, dead drunk, lying in his Sunday clothes, with his face hidden in the straw. My man asked her why he had his Sunday clothes on, and she answered 'that he'd been a-courting where the whiskey was the right sort.' The fellow is new to the country, or he'd have suspected her tale."

"You think it was..."

You think it was-"I feel quite sure it was Willet," said Mr. Barnes," falling back. "Faint, or shamming dead, you know," he added, to console me

do not understand now why you

shamming dead, you know," he added, to console me.

"I do not understand now why you should think the man in the cart was Charlie," I demurred, as Grayham rejoined me. "He is not a landlord or agent, and has no enemies."

"I did not see at first what it had to do with him, any more than you can yet. Let me go on with the history of our drive, and perhaps things will appear to you in the same light that they do to us. I need not tell you that I had utterly forgotten, when I drove up to the house, that Lady Denby always sees, or fancies she sees, the apparition of a Black Coach, before the death of any member of her family. Her shrick, 'Charlie is dead,' as soon as she saw our harmless vehicle, for a moment perfectly bewildered me. Then like a flash I connected the fact that he was not with you, his non-appearance at the station, the incident of the gray cob, and the supposed drunken man in Bridget Maguire's cart, into one chain of events, and signed to you to come with us. It was no use speaking to Lady Denby in her fainting condition. Sir John would have had out the police, and that would have had out the police, and that would have meant—"he hesitated.

"A bullet through Charlie's brain before the morning," I ended for him.

"Just that."

"What do you think I may be able to accomplish?" I asked, doubtfully.

"First, walk straight into the ruined hall; it is impossible to imagine a more startling apparition than you will make in that dress; it is just the costume popularly supposed to be worn by the 'Good People,' of whom the bad ones here are mortally afraid."

"Really? I thought that even children had given up belief in faries?"

"Perhaps, but superstition is an influence on which you may safely reckon in dealing with the Maguires. Haven't I known them all my life? Walk straight in among them, as I tell you, bid them lay Willet nine yards from the house door, say their prayers and watch what will happen. Then blow this whiste, Barnes and Trefusis and I will go and carry him through the passage to the coach."

carry him through the passage to the

"What shall I do if they see I am only a woman?"
"Do? Tell them there'll be no inquiry
about the accident! And thank them for
their kind care of your—brother—if you

I stood still and looked at Fred for moment in blank amazement at his sud-den and tremendous development of a

den and tremendous development of a genius for lying.

Barnes and Trefusis pulled up short behind us, and both inquired, anxiously:

"What's the matter?"

"Just an Englishwoman's scruple at telling a white he to save a man's life," said Grayham indignantly.

"Why, all's fair in love and war," said Trefusis, oracularly, speaking for the first time. "We've known of your engagement for three days, so excuse our plain English. If it hadn't been you we should have been wild with Willet for settling down so soon."

down so soon.

lows.' but they attach some hidden meaning to it, though I do not think it is an ordinary pass-word. I expect old Bridget is friendly to Willet. I remember his gving a rare good fishing-rod to one of her poaching sons. See, here we are at the end of the passage."

The place now began to narrow as it had done at the opposite entrance; it was only possible, by lying flat, to push one's self out through the aperature in which it ended.

ended.

A high clump of brambles outside entirely concealed it from observation. Grayham first worked his way out into the fresh air and moonlight, and, taking my hands, pulled me after him across the slab of himestone which formed the threshold of this strange place. It was a relief to stand once more under the open

sky.
Twenty yards in front of us lay Fairy hall, a grand, though ruinous mass, sleeping quietly as some enchanted palace in the moonlight. No gleam was visible from the windows no sound reached us but the lap, lap of waves on the rocks be-

"Go in and win! the quicker you are the

low.

"Go in and win! the quicker you are the better—whistle once if you want us, to fetch Willet—twice, if there's any danger, and we'll be with you sharp!" whispered my guide, as I stepped from the shelter ing bush into the open.

I ran down the gentle slope to the hall without encountering a soul. As I approached the door, a red setter, so we'll bred that I felt a passing wonder at his belonging to passants, came out and snuffed at my dress, evidently debating whether he should bark or not. I patted his head while he was he sitating, and secured a dumb friend, as he licked my hand and accompanied me inside with grave politeness.

The door was not latched, and I passed in without let or hindrance into a large hall lit by one of those common paraffin imps that are all chimney, with nothing to soften their cruel glare. An old woman in a white cap was seated with her back to me, opposite its rays.

Obscurity, and an aroma of peat smoke, so delicious out of doors, so detestable in, pervaded the rest of the hall, which I could perceive had once been the entrance of a very noble house. Some blackened pictures still bung on the walls, fowls were roosting in their rotting frames and by a few sleepy croaks as I passed beneath them, drew my attention to the mean uses of the art of former generations. There was no sign of Charlie's presence.

As I advanced toward the old woman,

As I advanced toward the old woman As I advanced toward the old woman, who seemed to be either dead or asleep, I remembered Fred Grayham's assurances of her probable faith in the supernatural, and catching hold of the tips of my failing sleeves, whose lining, of very pale green satin, appeared white by the glare of the lamp, I raised them high above my head, and they had been wings, and here down as if they had been wings, and bore down as if they had been wings, and bore down on the old dame like a ship in full sail, crying as shrilly as I could, "Take me to him quickly!"

The woman fell on her knees before me and began to utter some prayers in

"Act! and tell your beads when I am gone, quick, quick!" I repeated, loosing the string of shells from my neck and placing it in her hand, technic sure from their rarity that they would seem to her a token from another world. Then seeing the setter make toward a door on the left, I caught up the lamp and followed

him.

Bridget tottered after, muttering:

"Maybe they're the Devil's beads—
which of the saints would be consarning
herself wid a Protestant? And the 'Good
Folks' are known to dwell here!"

"A Protestant! I shall see him in a
minute," I thought, with my heart almost
standing still, and then beating painfully
with anxiety as I entered the long bare
room having a heap of turf at the far end,
on which lay Charlie Willet, a biack cleak
thrown over him like a pall. It was Bridon which tay Charlie willet, a black creak thrown over him like a pall. It was Brid-get's own mantle, one of the valuable, old-fashionod kind, with a large satin-lined hood, still worn by the older peasant women in that district.

It denoted that she at least bore him no

ili will. He was sleeping lightly, but started as the lamplight fell on his eyelids. His face looked worn and haggard, as if with pain. He tossed off the cloak with an im-patient gesture, and I saw that his right leg had been clumsily bandaged from these to feet.

knee to foot.

As I paused at his side he caught my hand and kissed it lazily, like a man in a dream. His lips were dry and burning, his touch feverish.

Bridget stared at us with just a dawn of suspicion in her glance. O L withdrew

Bridget stared at us with just a dawn or suspicion in her glance, so I withdrew my hand and laid a cool spray of jessa-mine in its place, saying in French; "I am real, I assure you; and I have just 10 minutes to get you out of this dangerous

minutes to get you out of this dangerous place."

He told me afterward that the distinct perfume of the jessimine was the one thing that convinced him he was neither dreaming nor the victim of hallucination. "You must tell this old woman that the fairies are coming to fetch you, and she may watch from any spot, where she can see without being seen. Tell her, too, that there will never be any inquiry made into the events of the day—"

All right! I'll settle her. You blow out the lamps, and vanish, to fetch your friends. They'll have to carry me, I can't stir!" returned Charlie, as wide awake now as my heart could desire.

"Tell them to look sharp, though, or they'll have a mob of men from the fair to deal with."

I hurried outside, blew my whistle twice, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing my strangely attired escort hastening toward me, while Bridget's white cap appeared, bobbing anxiously to and fro in the moonlit aperture of a glassless upper window.

"Holy Moses, the 'Good People' 'il be Protestants, the graceless divils; and the queen of them looking as swate as our lady the while!" I heard her remarking to the red setter.

It was only the work of a few minutes

lady the white!" I heard her remarking to the red setter.

It was only the work of a few minutes for the new comers to wrench down a shutter, lay Charlie on it, and carry him to the entrance of the passage, but man and couch had to be dragged through separately, and at no small pain to the hero's shattered bones. I waited outside as sentinel, and saw 10 or 12 men approaching the hall from the far side, and the dog flying to meet them just as the toes of Mr. Barnes' boots vanished into the passage. I hurried after, teiling the group what I had seen.

"Put me down and run," cried Charlie.
"See you—hum—blowed first. Take the lamp and pilot us, Miss Norman. We'il run for it."

And run we did. What Charlie must

the lamp and pilot us, Miss Norman. We'il run for it."

And run we did. What Charlie must have suffered from well-meant jolting I dare not think, but when we dragged him out at the other end of the passage we found he had fainted dead away.

The coach was still waiting for us on our return, and whirled us rapidly back to Denby, where we had some difficulty in preventing Sir John from sending for the police there and then.

We had to explain that Charlie owed his life to the good offices of a woman who would certainly be herself sacrificed if any stir were made,

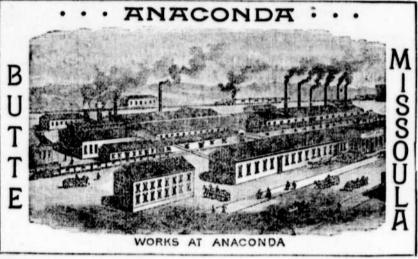
We heard afterward that the gang of men we had seen searched for us along the high road, making sure that we should be obliged to strike across the country at the head of the bay. They had not been able to calculate that we should dash through the agency of the white coach.

That curious conveyance was purchased at a rather high price from its original owners, and surreputitously painted dack at a rather high price from its original owners, and surreptitiously painted dark claret color, so that its reputation as a fairy vehicle still remains intact at the

TUTTLE

Manufacturing and Supply Company,

MANUFACTURERS



Milling and Concentrating MACHINERY

IN SECOND HAND MACHINERY

---INCLUDING---

60 STAMP MILL COMPLETE.

ORE CRUSHERS-Blake. ORE FEEDERS-Challenge

CORNISH ROLLS—Large and Small.

Jigs and Revolving Screens—Many Patterns. BRUCKNER ROASTING FURNACE.

HOISTS_Lidgerwood, Kendall, Crisby, Union Iron Works.

been put upon same insure quick sales.

BOILERS—Our own and other makes. AIR COMPRESSORS—Rand and Burleigh.

PUMPS, MINING CARS AND BUCKETS. Parties needing any of above will do well to write or call early as the prices that have

MONTANA LUMBER AND PRODUCE CO.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Windows, & Mouldings.

Wholesale Dealers in FLOUR. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hay, Grain, Feed, and Hard and Soft Coal. We carry in stock a full line of

Bain & Mitchell Wagons

From Quartz Gears to Light Spring Wagons, Also Clark, Perry, Studebaker and

STANDARD BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES

And a full line of Road Carts of best makes. Garden City, Clipper and Chilled Plows. A full line of Peters' and Morley Bros. Concord Harness. Smith, Worthington & Co.'s Carriage, Buggy and Track Harness. Saddles, Whips, Robes and Dusters, and everything pertaining to this.

Call and look through our Stock. It is complete in all the different lines, and we defy competition. J. T. CARROLL, Manager.

CHICAGO IRON WORKS

GAIL, BUMILLER & UNZICKER,

Mining and Milling Machinery

Gold Mills, Wet and Dry Crushing Silver Mills, SMELT-ING and CONCENTRATING PLANTS, Hoisting and Pumping Works, Cars, Cages, Skips, Ore Buckets and

SELF-OILING - CAR - WHEELS

Corliss Engines, Compound and Condensing Engines and Tramways.

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE :

MENNO UNZICKER.

EUTTE, MONTANA. Office and Works, Hawthorne Ave. and Willow St., Chicago, Il.